

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hid him to the fatal place,
Where Margaret's body lay; [turf,
And stretch'd him on the green grass
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
Beneath her mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles through Heav'n
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
The charmers of the plains;
That sun which bids their diamond blaze
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fired each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair,
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair;

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art;
And from whose eyes serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither bosom lodged a wish,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss,
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father, too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmoved;
Then with a father's frown at last
He sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of diff'ring passions strove;
His heart, which durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, in Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty
glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And wearied Heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

"'T is past," he cried, "but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love."

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bathed with many a tear:

Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh, his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she!)
Forbade what Emma came to say,
"My Edwin, live for me."

Now homeward as she hopeless went,
The churchyard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl
scream'd
Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When lo! the deathbell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd with trembling [steps
Her aged mother's door:
"He's gone," she cried, "and I shall see
That angel face no more!

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side!"
From her white arm down sunk her head,
She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

[JAMES SOMERVILLE. 1692—1742.]

THE RED AND WHITE ROSE.

If this pale rose offend your sight,
It in your bosom wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But, Celia, should the red be chose,
With gay vermilion bright,
'Twould sicken at each blush that glows,
And in despair turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,
Their Babels build in vain;
As uncontrollable as fate,
Imperial Love shall reign.

Each haughty faction shall obey,
And whigs and tories join;
Submit to your despotic sway,
Confess your right divine.

Yet this, my gracious monarch, own,
They're tyrants that oppress;
'Tis mercy must support your throne,
And 'tis like heaven to bless.

[ROBERT BLAIR. 1699—1746.]

OFT IN THE LONE CHURCH-
YARD.

OFT, in the lone church-yard at night I've
seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine chequering
through the trees,
The school-boy with his satchel in his
hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat
stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'er-
grown.)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he
hears,
The sound of something purring at his
heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look
behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fel-
lows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the
tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his
stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange
to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

THE GRAVE.

DULL grave! thou spoil'st the dance of
youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of
mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the
face;

Branding our laughter with the name of
madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of
health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the
droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a
joke
To chapping theatres and shouting
crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing
melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen
now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers
them.

~~~~~  
BEAUTY IN THE GRAVE.

BEAUTY—thou pretty plaything, dear  
deceit,  
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's  
heart,  
And gives it a new pulse, unknown be-  
fore,  
The grave discredits thee: thy charms  
expung'd,  
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,  
What hast thou more to boast of? Will  
thy lovers  
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do  
thee homage?  
Methinks I see thee with thy head low  
laid,  
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek  
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes  
roll'd,  
Riots unscared.—For this, was all thy  
caution?  
For this, thy painful labours at thy glass?  
T' improve those charms, and keep them  
in repair,  
For which the spoiler thanks thee not.  
Foul feeder,  
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full  
as well,  
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.  
Look how the fair one weeps!—the con-  
scious tears  
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of  
flowers:

Honest effusion! the swoll'n heart in  
vain  
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

~~~~~  
STRENGTH IN THE GRAVE.

STRENGTH too—thou surly, and less
gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village
ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee
down
With greater ease, than e'er thou didst
the stripling
That rashly dared thee to th' unequal
fight.
What groan was that I heard?—deep
groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace
it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the
strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for
breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great
heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too
scant
To give the lungs full play.—What now
avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-
spread shoulders;
See how he tugs for life, and lays about
him,
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches
hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps
it hard, [sight!
Just like a creature drowning; hideous
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare
full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly
venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his
bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you
that groan?
It was his last.—See how the great
Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to
rest,
Lies still.

[THOMAS GRAY. 1716—1771.]

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling
strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress
take;
The laughing flowers that round them
blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds
along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres'
golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow
to the roar.

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing
airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft
control:
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy
command:
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd
king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of
his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports and blue-eyed Plea-
sures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:

To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow-melting strains their queen's ap-
proach declare.
Where'er she turns the Graces homage
pay,
With arms sublime that float upon the
air;
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom
move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple
light of Love.

II.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the
storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly
Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding
cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, the glittering
shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built
mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull
abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth
repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and
dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's
holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown'd th' Ægean deep,

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish
Mute, but to the voice of anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around:
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus, for the Latian
plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-
power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her
chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-
encircled coast.

III.

Far from the Sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling
laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and
smiled.
"This pencil take," she said, "whose
colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal
boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic
tears."

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place
and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of
light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presump-
tuous car,
Wide o'er the field of Glory bear

Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-
resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that
burn.

But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would
run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's
ray

With orient hues, unborrow'd of the
Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his dis-
tant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far!—but far above
the great.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamant chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and
alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know:
And from her own she learn'd to melt at
others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless
Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are
again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing
tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess lay they chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning
mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly
Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know my-
self a man.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT
OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,

Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs
among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames (for thou hast
seen

Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margin green,
The paths of pleasure trace),
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murmur'ing labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring con-
straint

To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry,
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!

No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond to-day :
 Yet see how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murd'rous band,
 Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind :
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen ;
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every lab'ring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th'unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah ! why should they know their
 fate
 Since Sorrow never comes too late,
 And Happiness too swiftly flies ;
 Thought would destroy their Paradise.
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A
 COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting
 day,
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the
 lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his
 weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to
 me.

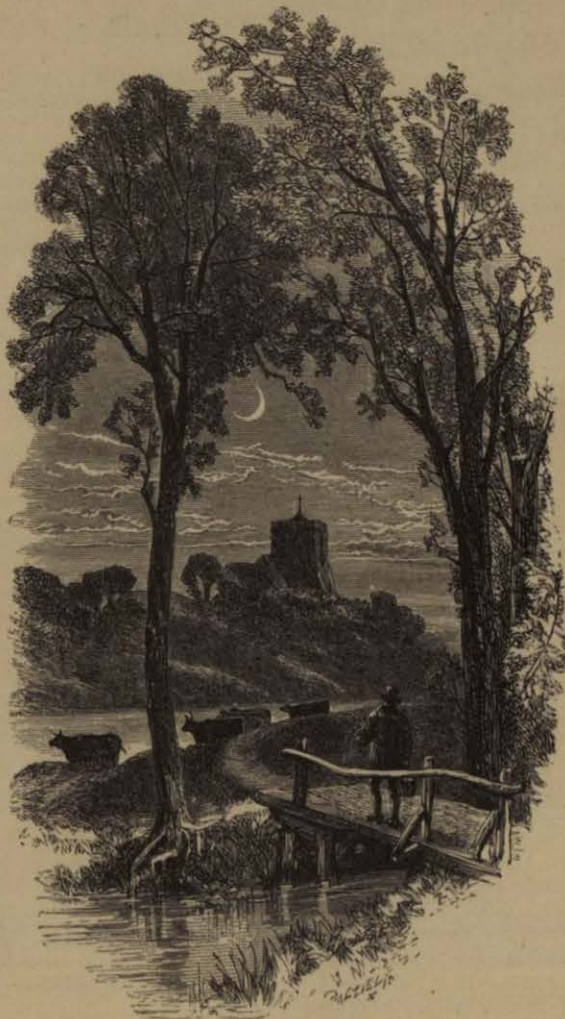
Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on
 the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning
 flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
 folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled
 tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon com-
 plain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret
 bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew
 tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a moul-
 d'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing
 Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-
 built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
 horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their
 lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth
 shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care :
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
 share.



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD (GRAV.)

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea.—P. 192.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
 broke :
 How jocund did they drive their team
 afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their
 sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful
 smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Pow'r,
 And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er
 gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the
 fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er their tombs no trophies
 raise,
 Where through the long drawn aisle, and
 fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of
 praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting
 breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent
 dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of
 Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial
 fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have
 sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample
 page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
 unroll ;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush un-
 seen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with daunt-
 less breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may
 rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
 blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-
 mand,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes
 confin'd ;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a
 throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth
 to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous
 shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
 strife
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their
 way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to
 protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp-
 ture deck'd,
 Implores the pleasing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' un-
 letter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look be-
hind?

On some fond breast the parting soul
relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye re-
quires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature
cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd
dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale
relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of
dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding
beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
high,
His listless length at noontide would he
stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles
by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would
rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one for-
lorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless
love.

"One morn, I miss'd him on th' accus-
tom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite
tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad
array,
Slow through the churchway path we
saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read)
the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged
thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of
Earth
A youth to Fortune and to Fame un-
known:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble
birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her
own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul
sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he
wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode:
(There they alike in trembling hope
repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BARD.

I. 1.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly
fears, [tears!]
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested
pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dis-
may, [side
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy
He wound with toilsome march his
long array.

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless
trance:
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd
his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled
air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's
fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert
cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice
beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms
they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs
breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal
day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llew-
ellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-
tapt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes
by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad
eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my
heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's
cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:

With me in dreadful harmony they
join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue
of thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the
woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkely's roof
that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting
fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled
mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy
country hangs
The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors
round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight com-
bin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude
behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the
dead.
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam
were born.
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure
realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at
the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's
sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his
ev'ning prey.

II. 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the
feast :
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
Long years of havock urge their destined
course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow
their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting
shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder
fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's
fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we
spread :
The bristled Boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed
loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify
his doom.

III. I.

" Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is
spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to
mourn :
In yon bright track, that fires the western
skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snow-
don's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts
unroll ?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's
issue, hail !

III. 2.

" Girl with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen
old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-
line ;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding
face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the
air,
What strains of vocal transport round
her play !
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,
hear ;
They breathe a soul to animate thy
clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she
sings,
Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-
colour'd wings.

III. 3.

" The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing
breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon
sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the
orb of day ?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled
ray.
Enough for me ; with joy I see
The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the moun-
tain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to
endless night.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

UPROSE the King of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed ;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied ;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd :
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;
And long pursues with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate ;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme ;
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead :
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms pre-
sume
To break the quiet of the tomb ?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night ?
Long on these mould'ring bones have
beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain !
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest ?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed ?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee :
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold :
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the sons of heaven !
Unwilling I my lips unclose :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey,
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate ?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom ;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt ?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey ;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air ?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose :
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line—

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron sleep again;
Till Loke has burst his tenfold chain;
Never, till substantial night
Has reassumed her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

[THOMAS TICKELL 1686—1740.]

THE DEAD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

OFT let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown!
Along the walls where speaking marbles
show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould
below;
Proud names, who once the reins of em-
pire held;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts ex-
celled;
Chiefs graced with scars and prodigal of
blood;
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom
stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were
given;
And saints, who taught and led the way
to heaven.

[JOHN GAY. 1688—1732.]

THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose every thought the god inspires?

When Envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell,
She calls her venal train from hell;
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite;
Thus Shadow owes its birth to Light.

As prostrate to the god of day
With heart devout a Persian lay,
His invocation thus begun:
"Parent of light, all-seeing sun,
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence,
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year."

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful
tongue,

The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud:

"Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow."

With fervent zeal the Persian moved,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
"It was that God who claims my
prayer,
Who gave thee birth, and raised thee
there;

When o'er His beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown:
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combined."

The gale arose; the vapour tossed,
The sport of winds, in air was lost;
The glorious orb the day refines;
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
"Oh, where shall I my true-love
find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me
true,
Does my sweet William sail among your
crew?"

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as the well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
The cord flies swiftly through his glow-
ing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he
stands.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall always true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,—
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart
shall be
The faithful compass that still points to
thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant
mind;

They tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you
so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer she must stay on board,—
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his
head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to
land,
"Adieu!" she cried, and wav'd her lily
hand.

[THOMAS PARNELL 1679—1718.]

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit
grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble
cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal
well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd
the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure
praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion
rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's
sway:

His hopes no more a certain prospect
boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives im-
prest

Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depend-
ing grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours
glow;

But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken
sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder
run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world
by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it
right;

(For yet by swains alone the world he
knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the
nightly dew.)

He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless
grass, [pass;
And long and lonesome was the wild to
But when the southern sun had warm'd
the day,

A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his
hair.

Then near approaching, "Father, hail!"
he cried,
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire
replied;

Words follow'd words, from question
answer flow'd
And talk of various kind deceived the
road;

Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;

Nature in silence bade the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,

Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.

It chanced the noble master of the dome,
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,

Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;

Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.

The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,

Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,

Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,

And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;

Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.

Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;

His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:

So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,

The shining spoil, his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:

Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,

That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,

The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;

A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,

To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,

And strong, and large, and unimproved around;

Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,

And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.

Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,

Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.

At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,

('Twas then, his threshold first received a guest,) [care,

Slow creaking turns the door with jealous And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;

One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:

Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted,) served them both to dine
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd

In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried)

Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?

But what new marks of wonder soon took place

In every settling feature of his face!

When from his vest the young companion bore

That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,

And paid profusely with the precious bowl

The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;

A fresher green the smelling leaves display,

And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:

The weather courts them from the poor retreat,

And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought

With all the travel of uncertain thought;

His partner's acts without their cause appear,

'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;

Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.

The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:

Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,

The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,

To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;

From Him you come, for Him accept it here, [cheer."

A frank and sober, more than costly He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,

Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,

Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose

Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose:

Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept [slept,

Near the closed cradle where an infant And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,

O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.

Horror of horrors! what! his only son!

How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?

Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,

And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,

He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.

His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way :
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :

These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind ;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world He made,
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work His ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes ?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor ;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.

[EDWARD YOUNG. 1681—1765.]

SLEEP.

TIRE Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes,
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied by a tear !

PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day : 'tis madness to defer ;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time ;
Year after year it steals till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"—
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel : and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
At least, their own ; their future selves applaud.
How excellent that life—they ne'er will lead !
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails,
That lodged in fate's to wisdom they consign ;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool ;
And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage : when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,

Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God ;
(Child of his age,) for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had this dotage run ?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow).
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back !
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !

"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done !"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more
wise.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then, dies the
same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself
immortal.

All men think all men mortal, but them-
selves ;

Themselves, when some alarming shock
of fate

Strikes through their wounded hearts
the sudden dread.

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded
air,

Soon close, where, past the shaft, no trace
is found.

As from the wing, no scar the sky re-
tains ;

The parted wave no furrow from the
keel ;—

So dies in human hearts the thought of
death,

E'en with the tender tear which Nature
sheds

O'er those we love,—we drop it in their
grave.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE ;—The world shut out ;—thy
thoughts call home :—

Imagination's airy wing repress :—
Lock up thy senses ;—let no passions
stir ;—

Wake all to Reason—let her reign alone ;
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the
depth

Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus in-
quire :

What am I ? and from whence ? I no-
thing know

But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal : had there e'er been
nought,

Nought still had been : Eternal there
must be—

But what eternal ? Why not human race,
And Adam's ancestors without an end ?—
That's hard to be conceived ; since ev'ry
link

Of that long chain'd succession is so frail :
Can every part depend, and not the
whole ?

Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;
I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the
shore.

Whence earth, and these bright orbs ?—
Eternal too ?

Grant matter was eternal : still these orbs
Would want some other Father—much
design

Is seen in all their motions, all their
makes.

Design implies intelligence and art,
That can't be from themselves—o man ;
that art

Man scarce can comprehend could man
bestow ?

And nothing greater yet allow'd than
man.— [grain,

Who motion, foreign to the smallest
Shot through vast masses of enormous
weight ?

Who bid brute matter's restive lump as-
sume [fly ?

Such various forms, and gave it wings to
Has matter innate motion ? Then each
atom,

Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust.

Has matter none ? Then whence these
glorious forms

And boundless flights, from shapeless and
reposed ?

Has matter more than motion ? Has it
thought,

Judgment, and genius ? Is it deeply
learn'd

In mathematics ? Has it framed such
laws,

Which, but to guess, a Newton made im-
mortal ?—

If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human
skill,

Reside not in each block ;—a GODHEAD
reigns :—

And, if a GOD there is, that God how
great !

[SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE, LORD HAILES.
1726—1792.]

EDWARD ! EDWARD !

“ WHY does your brand so drop with
blood ?

Edward ! Edward !

Why does your brand so drop with
blood,

And why so sad go ye, O ? ”

“ O ! I have killed my hawk so good,
Mother ! Mother !

O ! I have killed my hawk so good,
And I have no more but he, O ! ”

“ Your hawk's blood was never so red,
Edward ! Edward !

Your hawk's blood was never so red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O ! ”

“ O ! I have killed my red roan steed,
Mother ! Mother !

O ! I have killed my red roan steed,
That once was fair and free, O ! ”

“ Your steed was old and ye have got
more,

Edward ! Edward !

Your steed was old and ye have got
more,

Some other dule you drie, O ! ”

“ O ! I have killed my father dear,
Mother ! Mother !

O ! I have killed my father dear,
Alas, and woe is me, O ! ”

“ And what penance will ye drie for that ?
Edward ! Edward !

And what penance will ye drie for that ?
My dear son, now tell me, O ! ”

“ I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mother ! Mother !

I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O ! ”

“ And what will you do with your towers
and your hall ?

Edward ! Edward !

And what will you do with your towers
and your hall,

That were so fair to see, O ? ”

“ I'll let them stand till they down fall,
Mother ! Mother !
I'll let them stand till they down fall,
For here never more must I be, O ! ”

“ And what will you leave to your bairns
and your wife ?

Edward ! Edward !

And what will you leave to your bairns
and your wife,

When you go over the sea, O ? ”

“ The world's room, let them beg through
life,

Mother ! Mother !

The world's room, let them beg through
life,

For them never more will I see, O ! ”

“ And what will you leave to your own
mother dear ?

Edward ! Edward !

And what will you leave to your own
mother dear ?

My dear son, now tell me, O ! ”

“ The curse of hell from me shall you
bear,

Mother ! Mother !

The curse of hell from me shall you
bear,

Such counsels you gave to me, O ! ”

[THOMAS PERCY, BISHOP OF DROMORE.
1728—1811.]

O NANNY, WILT THOU GO
WITH ME ?

O NANNY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?

Can silent glens have charms for thee,—
The lowly cot and russet gown ?

No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,—

Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?

Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?

Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst you love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go;
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath,
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender
tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend
friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love
From many another one?"
"Oh, by his cockle-hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon."

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heels a stone."

"Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride."

"They bore him barefaced on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone;
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"Oh, weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrows rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"Oh, do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love."

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll ever weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest shower
Will ne'er make grow again."

"Our joys as wing'd dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"Oh, say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
For since my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my fears should flow."

"And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain."

"His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he;
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!"

[SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709-1784.]

PREFERMENT.

UNNUMBER'D suppliant crowd Preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.

On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.

Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning-worshippers no more;

For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,

To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,

That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold;

To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

In full blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'r
consign,

Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,

Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;

Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.

At length his sov'reign frowns—the train
of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the
sign to hate.

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never."

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart,
Oh, he was ever true!"

"And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell, home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be."

"But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall;
See, through the hawthorn blows cold the
wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"Oh, stay me not, thou holy friar;
Oh, stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of grey
Thy own true-love appears."

"Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought,
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought."

"But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."